

Dream of a State
AND

OTHER POEMS.

BY

R. F. F.

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PREFACE.

It is not without considerable diffidence, that the Author sends forth to the world this little volume of verse. His avocations have prevented him from bestowing on the work anything worthy to be called revision, and the Poems therefore appear almost as originally written. The principal Poem, nearly all the Sonnets, and many of the other pieces, were written between October 1851 and May 1853, during the greater portion of which period the Author was residing in the Jungles. Without a European with whom to hold converse, with no one near him with whom he could indulge in an interchange of sentiments, he found a solace in his lonely hours in endeavouring to express his thoughts in verse, with what success it is for the reader to decide; but the Author feels assured, that they will judge kindly of this his first essay.

CALCUTTA, }
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A Dream of a Star.

Part I.

I.

A THOUGHTFUL child, and very fair,
With long bright locks of wavy hair,
And eye of rich expressive blue,
Deep as the unsunn'd violet's hue;
At his side there is another,
Like as sister may be brother;
Somewhat slightlier is she made,
Her hair is of a duskier shade;
But there are on each young face
The same soft lines of winning grace,
And the smiles, that o'er them gleam,
Are like as beam can be to beam,
When on a changeful April day
The glancing sunlight is at play,
Flooding the calm Lake's surface bright
With sudden streams of silvery light,
Now into the dim woods peeping,
Now o'er swelling uplands creeping,
Swift flitting o'er the meadows now,
Then resting on the mountain's brow,
Pausing a moment there to quiver,
Ere mingling with its parent Heaven for ever.

II.

As Echo's voice, in woodlands lone,
Answer gives back in mellow'd tone,
To the glad cry of jocund boy,
Who shouts and sings for very joy,
So her utterance, soft and low,
Sweet as the long-drawn notes that flow
From wind-struck harp, might seem I wis,
But sweet-voic'd Echo mocking his.

III.

Two snow-white eggs in twig-built nest,
By brooding dove's soft bosom press'd ;
Two blossoms on one parent stem ;
Two bells in the Lily's diadem ;
Two sister stars, which side by side,
Through Heaven's radiant pathways glide ;
Could hardly each be liker other,
Than the fair sister to her brother.

IV.

Often in balmy summer weather
These two would wander forth together ;
Hand in hand their way would take
Down beside the unruffled Lake,
Where golden water-lilies lay
Flashing in the noon-tide ray ;
And o'er the surface smooth and bright
The swallow wing'd his airy flight ;

Mirror'd in the pellucid flood,
Upon the bank the tall flag stood,
And meadow-sweet, whose honied scent,
Upon the warm air came and went ;
While nestled in the tender grass
The Shepherd's crimson weather-glass,
And that blue flower, whose name brings back
The thoughts to memory's long-lost track.

V.

Then up the dell they saunter'd on,
Through hazel copse, o'er mossy stone,
Threading their devious way along,
Led by the streamlet's varying song,
To where the quaint, old-fashion'd mill
Crouch'd in the shadow of the hill ;
The jolly Miller, hale and fat,
Beneath the porch flower-laden sat,
Beside him, knitting on her knee,
His daughter, bright-ey'd Margery.

VI.

Joyous, bright-ey'd Margery !
Simple, trusting Margery !
Truthful, happy Margery
Thou art a pleasant memory ;
The snows of age are on thy brow,
And thou art somewhat portly now,
But Margery young, and blithe, and fair,
With sloe-black eyes, and raven hair,

Still beneath the porch is sitting,
And busily she plies her knitting.
Again, before the garden gate,
Two fair and gentle children wait,
But now another Margery hastens
Down the trim path, the latch unfastens,
With words of kindest welcome greets them,
And in the porch flower-mantled seats them.

VII.

But soon the lengthening shadows come
To warn the little wanderers home ;
Through the dusk grove once more they go,
Hand clasp'd in hand, with footsteps slow,
Or bounding down the narrow way,
Light as two sportive fawns at play ;
Loitering with curious eye to view
Some flower of most transparent hue ;
Look up at the o'er-arching sky,
Wondering why it is so high ;
Gaze where the Lake's still waters sleep,
Wondering why they are so deep ;
And why the fleecy cloudlets lie,
Amid them, just as in the sky.

VIII.

Buds, what are ye?—Infant blossoms,
Nursing in your tender bosoms

Hues undevelop'd, odors sweet,
Which in the perfect flower shall meet ;
Or in your hearts ye may be holding
Noxious blossoms, whose unfolding
With poison shall infect the air,
And yet withal be passing fair.
Clear, silver streamlet, why such speed ?
Hastening through the flowery mead,
Bounding down from the rocky height,
In one long line of flashing light,
Ever singing as thou flowest,
And all heedless where thou goest ;
Thou art but an infant river,

Perchance a mighty stream to be,
Still thou wilt be lost for ever,

Mingling with the vaster sea ;
And through all thy devious flowing,
Thou may'st ne'er again be knowing
Scenes with such calm beauty glowing.

IX.

And gentle children, what are ye ?
Bright buds, which at maturity,
With glorious hues, odors intense,
May gladden e'en the finest sense ;
Fresh fountains, from God's bounteous hand,
To shed a blessing o'er the land
Through which they flow, at last to be
Lost in thy depths—Eternity !
Not lost, but changed to living founts, to play
In the pure light of Heaven's undying day.

X.

Twilight o'er the scene is stealing,
Many a lovely sight concealing
 With its veil of sombre gray,
But things as lovely still revealing
 As softly fades the dying day ;
Every tiny cloud that lies,
Isle-like floating in the skies,
With hues of changing splendor glows,
One scarcely tinted like that rose,
Whose white leaves wear so faint a flush,
That men have nam'd it "Maiden's Blush ;"
While yonder thick together roll'd,
Crimson and purple, edg'd with gold,
Right o'er the heather hill they lie,
Gorgeous as regal canopy,
Gracing some Eastern satrap's throne,
And crown'd with the pale crescent Moon.

XI.

Oh ! what were Day without its Night ?
One dull unchanging round of light ;
How wearisome these long, long days,
Bright with the Sun's intensest rays ;
Oh ! how the heart-sick exile sighs
For that dear home, where duller skies
Are fleck'd with clouds, whose shadows play
Over green fields with wild flowers gay.
Wearily, heavily, slowly they pass,
The lingering hours, the sands in Time's glass,

Run in as heavy, as sluggish a train,
As if they were falling grain by grain.
Eve comes at last, but 'mid heat and glare
Expires the day, and the dusty air
Dims the pure light of each fair star's beam,
And casts o'er the moonlight a sickly gleam.

XII.

Sorrow is the night of man,
In grief alone to him is given,
With intellectual eye, to scan
The glorious mysteries of Heaven.
Joy's rich sunshine gives to view
One wide arch of heavenly blue,
But as, when night, with darkling hand,
Draws her gray curtain o'er the land,
Each of Heaven's shining host
Appears at his appointed post ;
So, when sorrow's night comes o'er us,
Starry visions rise before us ;
A mighty firmament of thought
Opens upon us all unsought ;
Then to man is given to look
Into Wisdom's heaven-writ book,
And from its exhaustless store
To learn a new and priceless lore.

XIII.

These little truants, side by side,
Through the gathering darkness glide,

With light steps and in silence pass,
Where swelling mounds of rank dark grass
Disclose the garner-house of Death ;
And now they draw a freer breath,
Pause, and look round with eager eyes,
Peering towards the Eastern skies.
Why move with such a noiseless tread,
As if they fear'd to wake the dead ?
Why keep such silence ?—Death's dull ear
May not their gentle voices hear ;
No sound shall reach it, till the blast
Of Angel trump proclaims that Time is past.

XIV.

Like one erect, though gray with years,
The simple Village Church uprears
Its time-worn tower, with ivy clad,
And the old yew-tree, dark and sad,
Stands like a mourner in his woe,
Weeping o'er those who sleep below ;
Peeping through its topmost branches
A tremulous ray of star-light glances,
Cheering and tender as the light,
Which fond hope sheds on sorrow's night ;
And pleasure fills those infant eyes,
For night by night they watch the rise
Of that lov'd star, whose beam imparts
A gladness to their artless hearts.
Innocent joy !—maturer years
Will vainly seek, nor prayers, nor tears,

Can e'er recal—we only know
Such pure delight before the glow,
Which the new-born spirit from Heaven bears,
Is chill'd by the cold world's toils and cares.

XV.

Kneeling beside a mother's knee,
How sweet is the prayer of Infancy!
How sullied hearts, in after years,
Tortur'd by doubts, oppress'd by fears,
Look back, with sad regretful gaze,
To Childhood's pure and guileless days,
And long to utter praise and prayer,
Simple and true as childhood's were.

XVI.

Folded in Slumber's soft embrace,
Sweet smiles enwreath each little face,
Till the glad mother fondly deems,
That angel voices haunt their dreams;

And who will say it cannot be,
That Guardian Angels, ever near,

Watch by the couch of Infancy,
And whisper in the sleeper's ear,
Tales of a land all bright and fair,
And happy children dwelling there,
Till the delight the spirit feels
In smiles across the features steals,
As ripples on the fountain show,
The welling of the spring below.

END OF PART I.

Part II.

By the thinly scatter'd flowers—
By the chill and frequent showers—
By the sun, whose slanting beam
Feebly gilds the soil-stain'd stream—
By the gold upon the corn,
• And the mists at early morn—
By the merry nutting throng,
Roaming' the hill-side copse along—
By the cold and fitful breeze—
By russet tints on forest trees—
By the silent grove, where now
The bird sits songless on the bough—
By the swallows clustering thick
'Neath the eaves, and round the rick—
By the moaning of the gale, •
Sweeping hoarsely through the vale,
Tearing the yellow leaves away
Madly from every dancing spray—
You may know, that Summer's dead
And Autumn reigning in his stead.

II.

Though Autumn's garb be sombre brown,
Bright blossoms glitter in his crown;
Amid the corn the Poppy's head
Gleams like a star intensely red,
And glancing through the golden cars
• The Corn-flower's azure crest appears;

While Idle-love may still be seen
Peeping the thick-set stalks between ,
Upon the lawn the Harebell stands,
With bells meet but for Fairy hands,
And as the breeze's cadence swells,
Fancy may hear those light-hung bells,
To the air's softest breathing swinging,
A peal for Fairy's wedding ringing ;
Like flaunting quean, trick'd out for wile,
The Foxglove courts the Sun's last smile,
Tempting some wandering bee to sup
The sweetness of its rosy cup ;
A truant he, for on the hill
His comrades all are busy still,
Sipping the year's last honied breath
From countless blooms of fragrant heath.

III.

Deep down, where yonder shelter'd dell
Slopes to the South, the Pimpernel
Fixes its golden-centred eye
Ever upon the sun-lit sky,
As one, whose love too high is set,
Who dare not hope, may not forget,
E'en though the lov'd one's smile grows cold,
Looks fondly on him as of old ;
And like a true and loving maid,
Who ever blessing, ever blest,
Lingers awhile, when all the rest,

Each for herself, a nest has made,
Clings fondly to the light of home,
Though many an ardent lover come,
The lowly Daisy still is seen,
Starlike, amid the meadows green,
Though all her sister flowers took wing,
And passed away with passing Spring.

IV.

Hark ! far on woodland echoes borne,
Merrily rings the Huntsman's horn ;
The opening pack he loudly cheers,
Sweet music to the Sportsman's ears ;
The Woodman's axe is heard no more,
And silent is the threshing-floor ;
The village school-boys are at large,
The Shepherd quits his fleecy charge ;
In the mid furrow stops the share,
The Farmer mounts his old brood mare,
With children clinging to her knee
His good Dame too comes out to see,
Hoping the felon Fox at last,
For many ruthless murders past,
On Chanticleer's and Partlet's brood,
Will pay with forfeit of his blood.

V.

Well vers'd in ancient forest laws,
And full of old sententious saws,

The good School-master tells the Dame,
 How in old times a nobler game,
 Than wily Fox, and timid Hare,
 Were objects of the Hunter's care ;
 How the bold outlaw, Robin Hood,
 Was monarch in the glad Greenwood,
 Making the rich alone his prey,
 Speeding the poor man on his way ;
 And how, beneath the forest tree,
 He and his merry men liv'd free ;
 And next he frights the listening child
 With stories of the Huntsman wild ;
 Then tells how, on a sabbath morn,
 An English monarch, fierce of will,
 Laughing God's Holy Word to scorn,
 Went forth the dappled Deer to kill ,
 And how, before the close of day,
 A corpse in the lone woods he lay,
 Slain by his friend, whose erring bow
 Launch'd the keen shaft that laid him low.
 A hundred tales he has to tell,
 With morals too, that fit them well,
 But between each he rings the chimes
 To praises of the good old times,
 The good Dame answering only says,
 " Ah ! Those indeed were famous days."

VI.

I hate this talk of days of old ;
 Is man less generous, just, or bold,

Woman less virtuous, wise, or fair,
Than those much vaunted ancients were ?
If we look back through ages past,
The best days ever were the last,
And these the latest still the best,
The oldest too ; yet still more blest
The days to come, for year by year,
The world, while it is growing old, ·
Grows wiser, better, draws more near
The day most blest, which shall behold
The last of Time, whose end will be
The sunrise of Eternity. ·
The world's has been a long dark night,
But the first streaks of dawning day,
Which soon shall burst to perfect light,
Are swelling now around our way,
And if we fail the goal to win,
Ours will the shame be, ours the sin ,
For days so old, so wise, so good,
There ne'er have been since Adam stood,
Casting his first regretful gaze
Upon Eden's gate in Earth's infant days.

VII.

But where is he ? that thoughtful boy !
I do not mark his form among,
The many in that clamorous throng,
Of children well nigh mad for joy,
Who, busy as a swarm of bees,
Cluster round yon three old elm-trees ;

The grand-sires of the village play'd
In infancy beneath their shade ;
They were no saplings even then,
But many a race of former men
Had seen their giant arms all bare,
Tossing about in the wintry air.
If like that oak, which talk'd so well,
They had a voice, they too might tell
Tales of fond maid and loving youth,
Tales of falsehood and tales of truth,
Tales of gladness and tales of gloom,
Of blighted hopes, and bootless fears,
Of some who died in life's first bloom,
Of others dragging out long years,
Nursing remembrance of their grief,
Till its very cherishing brought relief.
Could tell how fiery Rupert's band,
The loyal and true of all the land,
Their long plumes floating on the gale,
Went charging fiercely down the vale ;
How the stern Puritans met the shock,
Firm and dark as a sea-beat rock,
And that troop sweeping down in its wrath and
pride,
Recoil'd from their ranks like the baffled tide.
Could tell, when the stubborn fright was done,
How the red light of the setting sun
Gave unto features, fix'd in death, •
A glow so life-like, that her breath
The mourner held in eager hope,
That eyes for ever closed might open.

How at night there were corpses three,
Hanging, each on a tall elm-tree,
But ere the morning two were gone,
And laid beneath the chancel stone
In the old Church, a third was there,
Foul with blood was his long fair hair,
Two were brothers, but he was nearer,
Her heart alone knew how much dearer,
Whose numbing grief no voice may know,
Standing there in her widow'd woe
Statue-like, and pale as those,
O'er whom the grave so soon will close.

VIII.

But where is he? that thoughtful boy!
And where that ever present joy,
His gentle sister? Years have flown,
And they with passing years have grown
In wisdom and in comeliness,
Nor has their mutual love wax'd less.
Now at the open casement sitting
They watch the changeful shadows flitting,
Or mark the fleecy clouds that fly
Like winged things across the sky;
Health still sits radiant on his face,
But her's has ta'en a paler grace,
Her eye is all too bright and clear,
As if it had a lustre caught,
From gazing with a view too near
Into the glowing realms of thought;

And on her brow there rests a light,
The reflex from the fancies bright,
And lofty hopes, which closely throng
Round her young heart, the child of song,
Tracing upon his pictur'd page,
Lays that shall charm a future age,
Hath not a fancy more imbued
With imagery rainbow hued,
Nor is his teeming mind more full
With spirit of the beautiful,
Than her's, whose bosom's rapid swell,
And kindling eye bespeak too well
The burning thoughts, whose fierce controul
Have won the mastery of her soul.

IX.

“ Brother, see ! Our star is beaming
“ Close above the old Church tower,
“ And its silver light is streaming
“ Through our leafless jasmine bower,
“ And now with radiance soft it laves
“ The green turf on our parent's graves.
“ Hath the fancy c'er come o'er thee,
“ That those tremulous rays before thee
“ Might be a path of living light,
“ Which God hath in His mercy given,
“ That ransom'd souls may wing their flight
“ Up that luminous track to Heaven ?
“ Often have those transparent beams

“ Appear’d to me in glorious dreams,
“ Crowded by an angelic throng,
“ Whose thrilling bursts of joyous song
“ Have so sunk in my sleeping ear,
“ That waking still the strains I hear.
“ And oft when some one of our race
“ Hath pass’d from his accustomed place,
“ Here, on this Earth, I’ve seen them bear
“ His image through the paths of air
“ Up to that glorious starry home;
“ And I have seen our Parents come,
“ As if they thought ’twere you or I,
“ Have mark’d the hope in each fond eye
“ Fade to a look of calm regret,
“ When pitying Angels said ‘ Not yet.’

X.

“ The last dead leaves are falling fast
“ Before the Autumn’s sullen blast,
“ A few short months, and welcome Spring
“ Soft airs and brighter skies will bring,
“ And gushing bursts of quickening rain,
“ And all will straight be green again;
“ But I again shall never see
“ The green leaves glistening on the tree,
“ Shall never list the song-bird’s lay,
“ Nor feel the breeze’s freshening play;
“ I too like them shall wake to life,
“ But not like them again to die;

- “ A few dark hours, a passing strife,
“ Then light and peace for Eternity.

XI.

- “ Fiercely the icy blasts of Winter sweeping
“ Shake the barr'd casement, while a cheerful light,
“ Out through the narrow chinks comes gaily peep-
ing
“ Into the dark face of the stormy night ;
“ The crackling logs are blazing on the hearth ;
“ Their pleasant radiance flinging wide and high.
“ Within that room there surely must be mirth ?
“ Hush ! Hear the answer in that long-drawn sigh,
“ Now look within, beside that warm hearth-stone,
“ Sits a pale mourner, silent and alone.”

END OF PART II.

The Old and the Young Year.

THE Old Year ! The Old Year ! See how merrily he dies,
Around him happy faces, and pleasure-lighted eyes ;
Light steps to music moving, glad voices in his ear,
Right merrily he dieth, the hearty hale Old Year !

2.

No sighs for his departing, no weeping for his death,
'Mid gladness and rejoicing he yields his latest breath :
His last sun rose in brightness, 'mid peace to disappear,
A calm and glorious end is his, the merry blithe Old Year !

3.

Old Age sits by the bright hearth with childhood on his knee ;
So ringing is their laughter, their talk so full of glee ;
Such smiles upon their faces, such mirth in either voice,
'Tis hard to say if Infancy or Age the most rejoice.

4.

There sits the fond proud Mother, her gaze is on her boy ;
Her thoughts too-deep for utterance, eyes running o'er with joy ;
While o'er her fondly bending, the partner of long years,
Drinks joy from the same fountain, the rill of silent tears.

5.

Two sit in yonder corner, low murmur'd words one speaks ;
A mantling blush spreads over the gentle maiden's cheeks :
A transient gleam of triumph lights up her soft blue eye,
Averted now, now gazing on his confidingly.

6.

To the grave where thou art gone, Old Year ! we all must go,
Some with quick and sudden step, some with staid pace and
slow ;
When life's span is ending, I, like thee, would pass away,
Sunshine glowing o'er my path, all around me gay.

7.

The Young Year ! the Young Year ! 'mid smiles of nature born,
Glad birds his welcome singing, his path o'er verdant corn ;
No biting airs to chill him, no storms to vex him here,
Gaily he begins his course, the lusty stout Young Year !

8.

No snow-wreaths in the meadows, no ice upon the lake,
No frost to nip the blossoms or verdure of the brake ;
Green leaves on the forest trees, clear water in the stream,
Over all a cloudless sky, on all the bright sunbeam.

9.

There are tents in yonder grove, where even at mid-day,
The sunshine through the foliage can hardly find its way ;

A Matron at the tent-door, her little ones around,
The music of whose laughter is a spirit-soothing sound.

10.

Young Year ! but a few short months and thou wilt be the old,
Ere then how many warm hearts will in the grave lie cold ;
How many hearts, now glowing with aspirations high,
Will feel that life's remembrance is but a bitter sigh.

11.

How many cheeks now ruddy, with sickness will grow pale ;
How many eyes now sparkling for very weeping fail ;
How many gleeful voices will lose their joyous tone,
And feet now bounding lightly will heavily drag on.

12.

Young Year ! if pain and sorrow for me thou hast in store,
The Poet's heart shall meet them bravely as heretofore ;
But should a brighter future my lot with blessings crown,
With grateful heart and humble God's goodness I would own.

13.

Old Year, farewell ! I still must be thankful for the past,
Gleams of joy have found their way through skies with gloom
o'ercast ;
Young Year, all hail ! thy dawning is girt with rainbow rays,
New hopes with thee are born, and promise of brighter days.

The Gift.

SWEET Sister ! to my hands to-day
Thy cherish'd gift hath come,
Telling of lov'd ones far away,
In our dear island home.
It does recall our Father's sigh,
Our Mother's fond and tearful eye,
When last they look'd on me ;
It speaks of forms of manly grace,
Of woman's fair and gentle face,
But most it tells of thee.

2.

Sweet Sister ! it brings back the time,
The peaceful happy hours,
When in thy girlhood's sportive prime,
In the days of fruits or flowers ;
Through tangled dell, or shady wood,
Or by the Isis' silvery flood,
I wander'd at thy side,
Watching the bright and meaning smile,
That lit thy countenance the while,
With all a brother's pride.

3.

It does recall the time, 'when thou,
Well nigh of woman's mien,
With thoughtful but unclouded brow,
Index of soul serene,
Would bend above the storied page,
From without which I did assuage
My thirst for ancient lore ;
Or draw words, sweet as music sent,
From a well-tuned instrument,
Out of thy mind's large store.

4.

Say, art thou chang'd in form or mind ?
Or art thou still the same ?
As fair, as gentle, and as kind,
First to praise—last to blame.
Does thy full, dark, expressive eye
Disclose the thoughts and feelings high,
Which in thy pure heart dwell ?
Say, art thou still as fancy free,
As full of sweet simplicity,
Untouch'd by fashion's spell ?

Though parted far, by time and space,
To meet perchance no more,

Thy cherish'd form still holds its place,
First in my memory's store.
Oft in a dark and troubled hour,
Sweet thoughts of thee have still a power
My loneliness to cheer,
Drive care and sorrow far away,
And bid my heavy heart be gay,
Though all around looks drear.

The West Wind.

HEALTH in thy breath, and fragrance on thy wings,
And music in thy gentle murmurings,
Sweet spirit of the Western Wind! Thy flight
Is one continued progress of delight.
Still, as thou movest, fragrant blossoms bend
In grateful homage, and their tribute lend,
To swell the mingled odors that arise
Like incense round thee; and the sun-lit skies
Shine like a Sapphire dome above thy head,
While far and wide the emerald lawns out-spread
Are velvet carpets, flower-embroider'd, meet
To bear the pressure of thy welcome feet.
And all around thee, like rich tapestries,
Blossoming shrubs, and deeply verdant trees,
And Parasites, whose graceful tendrils lie
'Mid the dark foliage, like the tracery
On waving Arras; and the Sun's clear beam
Bathing them all in a warm golden gleam.
Bounding the sunny slope of the broad Lea,
The tall Reed-grass, an ever-waving sea
Of verdure, like the rippling waves, that play
Upon the golden sands of some quiet bay,
Sends forth a low-voic'd and a lulling song;
While the soft breeze, the Peepul's leaves among,

Utters quick whispers, like the converse sweet
Of trembling lovers who in secret meet.
An airy voice, the Cuckoo's jocund cry,
Speaks to the exile's heart most lovingly
Of home, and the delights of Summer hours,
Amid dim woods on green banks bright with flowers ;
But other sounds, the songs of stranger birds,
Recall him, with the power of plainest words,
From the fond dream.

And now what glorious things
Are flitting past, and how their quivering wings
Flash in the sunshine—birds of glittering hue—
The Jay with corslet of cerulean blue ;
The Fly-catcher, with rapid dipping flight,
All green and gold, a wingèd Chrysolite ;
The golden Mango-bird ; then Butterflies,
So gorgeous in their robes of many dyes,
The glowing blossoms around which they play
Are not more deeply luminous than they.

The Dying Wife.

THE world I am leaving is passing fair,
And more lovely it seems now I'm bidding farewell
To all the beauties of earth, sea, and air,
Which I've known so long, and lov'd so well;
But the world I am going to, Oh ! how bright
Must that world be, since God is its light,
So dazzling, no mortal eye may see,
Nor quail before its intensity.
Mine soon, from the weakness of flesh unscal'd,
Shall gaze on the glory of God reveal'd,
Delighted shall gaze, nor shrink to see
The Father's unspeakable Majesty ;
For there will be One beside me then,
The best, the only true friend of men,
Who by the bitterest death has won
God's mercy for, us—the only Son—
The Incarnate Word—He is with me now,
And through faith in him, I can calmly bow
To death's coming stroke, as if gentle sleep
Were scaling my eyelids. Then wherefore weep.

II.

Weep not for me ! I am passing away
From a land with sunshine and flowers gay ;

The music of birds, the whispering of trees,
The tinkling of waters, the hum of bees,
A thousand lov'd things are around me now,
But I may not heed them, for on my brow
I feel the coldness of Death's damp hand,
And I long to depart for a better land.

III.

Weep not for me dear Friends ! The tear
Should fall but for those who died in fear ;
Gladly with you would I still remain,
For the well of your love is pure and deep,
And to live is Christ, but to die is gain,
And Oh, such gain ! that ye should not weep.

IV.

Weep not dear Husband ! Though death will sever
Us two afar, it is but for a time,
And united again we shall live for ever
In a happier home, amid courts sublime,
Where the Sun by day, and the Moon by night,
Shine not, but God himself is the light.

V.

One kiss dear Love ! Though my lips are chill,
My dying heart beats warmly still
With love for thee. Now bring our child,
Our little one so fair and mild,

And let me look on her again ?
There, it is past that last sweet pain !
I give the child of our love to be
A joy and a comfort unto thee,
And I charge thee use thy chiefest power,
To guard from harm that tender flower,
And teach her with all her heart to love
The Saviour, who reigns with our Father above.

VI.

They told me Death was a fearful king,
Robed in terrors, an awful form,
Keen as the lightning, dark as the storm,
But I see naught save a Seraph's wing,
The outlines dim of a form of grace,
And the beamy smile of an Angel's face.

DIRGE.

LAY her in the freshest earth,
Where all sweetest flowers have birth,
And the summer wind makes mirth,
Over the greenest sod
Footstep hath ever trod.

2.

Let all beings, pure and fair,
From the earth, the sea, the air,
Gentlest creatures gather there,
 Keeping calm watch above
 One worthy all their love.

3.

Raise for her no sculptur'd stone,
But by token-flowers alone,
Make her many virtues known,
 Chroniclers far most meet
 For one so pure and sweet.

To Althea in England.

Nunc solvitur acris hyems gratâ vice veris.

YOUR flower-crown'd Spring is near at hand, but I almost
forget

The names of the bright flowers, that in his coronal are set,
And which comes forth the earlier Primrose or Violet.

Here, in this golden Orient, we little know of Spring,
No choirs of feather'd songsters his grateful welcome sing,
Nor gales scent-laden waft him in on soft and balmy wing.

3.

For scarce the vernal Equinox hath brought the lengthening
day,

When man is fain to shelter seek from the Sun's burning ray,
Ere far into the heavens he has ta'en his glowing way.

4.

For April's sun from cloudless skies looks down with angry
glare,

All verdure withers in his glance, the earth grows parch'd and
bare.

While fiery hot the strong West-wind sweeps through the
dusty air.

5.

But yesterday the air was chill with unaccustom'd rain,
And village swains were mourning o'er their stacks of injur'd
grain,
And golden wealth of corn that lay down beaten on the plain.

6.

It was not like a vernal day in dear old England's Isle,
Where Heaven rains down drops of joy and the Sun shines all
the while,
As when the tears of gladness flow from eyes bright with
a smile.

7.

Oh! for the sweet Spring joys my heart remembers with a sigh,
Oh! for the days of innocence and artless infancy,
The blessed hours, that ne'er come back, and all too quickly fly.

8.

Oh! still methinks if I could be a wanderer at thy side,
Through the deep beechen woods, or by the river's sun-lit tide,
My heart would find that childhood's thoughts had slumber'd,
but not died.

9.

If I could tread those haunts again in which a careless boy,
I lengthened out long summer days with sweets that never
cloy,
And painted all the future as one changing round of joy.

10.

If I could sit on that green bank, in the old beech tree's shade,
Where the blue-bells made a carpet of purple for the glade,
And the tall trees twin'd their branches into a green arcade.

11.

The Primrose, like a group of stars, from crumpled leaves
peep'd out,
The Wild Rose, with his fence of thorns, stood there a warrior
stout,
Whom the Woodbine, like a tender dame, had twin'd her
arms about.

12

The Cowslips' bells of golden light were musical with bees,
And scents from hidden Violets came floating on the breeze,
Which murmur'd a sweet roundelay 'mid the o'erhanging trees.

13.

The loving Thrush was singing to his mate upon her nest,
The rival Blackbird strain'd his throat, and strove to sing
the best,
Pert Robin look'd me in the face as proud of his red vest.

14.

The Lark on high beyond my ken carol'd as recklessly,
As if he were no bird, but an embodied melody,
The timid Coney at my feet gambol'd all fearlessly.

15.

If I could sit on that green bank, thy mother sit there too,
With thee, dear child between us, and disporting full in views,
Thy little brother gladden us with cheeks of healthier hue.

16.

I feel as if my heart would more than half forget its woe,
As if it would grow young again, from basking in the glow
Of your young joys, and life's dull tide in quicken'd current
flow.

The Sorrow-stricken.

ON thy lovely brow hangs a shade of gloom,
From thy cheek hath faded its peach-like bloom,
Thy sweet lip hath lost its soft tinge of red,
And the light of thy laughing eye is fled ;
Sorrow's rude storms must have o'er thee past,
Thou art so chang'd since I saw thee last.

2.

Thy voice is no longer a joyous sound,
Thy step is no longer a lightsome bound,
But a tone of sadness, a mournful grace,
Blend with thy low words and gentle pace ;
Sorrow's wild waves must have o'er thee past,
Thou art so chang'd since I saw thee last.

3.

The hopes of my youth when brightest faded,
Dark clouds of grief have my young days shaded,
And the damp cold earth spreads its pall above,
All that my young heart could cling to or love ;
Shadows of death have been round me cast,
And I am chang'd since thou saw'st me last.

4.

The friends of my youth have all pass'd away,
My heart is among them, I may not stay ;
Here is no home of peace left for me,
I have naught in this world save misery ;
 My weary sojourn will soon be past,
 I am so chang'd since thou saw'st me last.

An Unknown Land.

THERE'S a joyous clime, where the mourner's breast
Forgets the cares of this false cold land,
Where the weary may find a place of rest,
And the happy may join a kindred band.

2.

There are sounds of mirth at the neontide hour,
Where gay groups dance 'neath the chesnut trees,
Whisperings at eve in the leafy bower,
And songs at night on the moon-lit seas.

3.

There are lovely haunts in the greenwood shades,
Where the coy Wood-Nymphs unseen may sport,
There are circles green in the grassy glades,
Trac'd by the fairies' midnight court.

4.

There are secret caves, whence the streamlet springs,
Where the gairish sunbeams never come,
And the Nymph of the fountain sits and sings
Her low sweet strain 'mid the solemn gloom.

5.

The streamlet's murmur will oft recall
That cherish'd lay as it glides along,
And the listener may hear in the waterfall
Some scatter'd notes of that plaintive song.

6.

There are kingly rivers, beside whose streams
The wild flowers blossom the live long year,
Where the light of summer eternally gleams,
And the waves are ever still and clear.*

7.

There are groves where the silvery orange flower,
Through the dark foliage glances bright,
Where Acacias wave o'er the Jasmin bower,
And the Lily uprears its bells of light.

8.

There are shapes of beauty so passing fair,
Their semblance was never seen on earth,
Whose brightest form hath a shade of care,
And is sorrow's child from her very birth.

9.

There are scenes more lovely than ever shone
On the raptur'd painter's tranced sight,

Such as thou never hast gaz'd upon,
Earth hath no colors half so bright.

10.

'Tis a land where nothing of earth hath part,
Guarded by many a potent spell,
The air-built clime of a poet's heart,
The home where his fancy loves to dwell.

The lost Sheep found.

THE visions of boyhood had vanish'd,
The day-dreams long cherish'd were past,
And the truth he so often had banish'd,
Burst brightly upon him at last.

2.

The World still lay smiling before him,
And woo'd him again to her arms ;
But the spirit of wisdom was o'er him,
He fled from her siren-like charms.

3.

In vain with false strains she besought him,
To taste once again of her joys,
The pangs he had suffer'd had taught him,
The worth of those glittering toys.

4.

He had drunk of the bowl of her pleasure,
And madly the poison had drain'd,
And had found how deceitful the measure,
How bitter the draught it contain'd.

5.

He had found that her every enjoyment,
Left sadness and sorrow behind,
And vainly he sought some employment,
Might calm the unrest of his mind.

6.

And still had he wander'd benighted,
In search of that heart-soothing rest,
But the God, he so often had slighted,
Vouchsaf'd to assist the distress'd.

7.

Through the thickets of error he led him,
He pointed him out the lost track,
Through its mazes and hindrances sped him,
And brought the poor wanderer back.

8.

In her fond arms prepar'd to enfold him,
There mercy stood smiling through tears,
And the sweet words of comfort she told him
Had power to allay all his fears.

Some Thoughts.

THE gloom of night's o'ershading
The cheerful light of day,
And my country's shores are fading
From my tear-dimm'd sight away.

2.

With to-morrow's dawn awaking,
My wishful eye will strain,
O'er the foam-crown'd billows breaking,
For those distant hills in vain.

3.

Each cloud the horizon crowning,
To fancy's treacherous gaze,
Will seem a dark cliff frowning,
Through noon's deceitful haze.

4.

E'en now my memory's turning,
To scenes I priz'd of yore ;
And my heart in absence burning
With love unfe't before.

5.

Now the haunts I trod in childhood
Rise fresh before my view,
Primrose beds deep in the wild-wood,
Banks where early violets grew.

6.

Trees beneath whose shade reclining
I've 'scap'd the heat of noon,
Through whose giant branches shining
I've watch'd the harvest moon.

7.

Groves amid whose lonely mazes
I've spent long summer days,
Dreaming o'er the pictur'd pages
Of wild romantic lays.

8.

The broad majestic river,
My light skiff there afloat,
The tall aspen's lulling quiver,
'Neath which I moor'd my boat.

9.

While memory's thus displaying
Those scenes so bright and clear,
Fancy sees across them straying
Lov'd forms that made them dear.

10.

Now methinks I hear the voices
Of those I love again,
And my fluttering heart rejoices
At some long cherish'd strain.

11.

It is past, my dream of gladness !
Night broods along the deep ;
To my lonely couch in sadness
I go, but not to sleep.

The Spoiler's Grave

OH ! raise me a tomb by the Ocean strand,
On the uttermost cape of some storm-vex'd land ;
Where the fierce blast wars with the mountain wave,
And will bathe with cold the spray my desolate grave.

2.

In the depths of the wild dark woods of the West,
Where no footstep e'er trod, there lay me to rest,
Amid silence so deep, and so heavy a gloom,
As may feel like a shadow fresh from the tomb.

3.

Or bear my corpse to some trackless plain,
So vast, that the king of birds, in vain,
Would seek to cross it, his matchless strength
Would fail ere he compass'd its desert length.

4.

Nay, change the course, which, since time begun,
Yon mighty stream hath unceasingly run,
In the bed of the river then bury me deep,
And let the wild waves o'er my sepulchre sweep.

5.

I would not that footstep of hated man
Should pass o'er my dust, or his eye should scan
The spot he would curse as the resting place
Of him, who had been the scourge of his race.

Rich and Poor.

Brows stern and gloomy, pale woe-worn faces,
Tear-stain'd, beneath proud Palace domes ;
True hearts and loving, fond pure embraces,
And joy-bright eyes in Cottage homes.

2.

Vain repinings, satiety, sadness,
Enfeebled frames in Halls of wealth ;
The poor man's dwelling, the home of gladness,
Sweet rest, content, and rosy health.

3.

Believe me, these are but dreamy fancies,
Wealth brings evils when abus'd,
But all the pleasures of life enhances,
If it be but rightly us'd.

4.

The poor man's life is a strife unending,
Want and toil are his deadly foes,
And few are the joys their rich hues blending
With the dark tissue of his woes.

5.

The rich man knows not the bosoms aching,
When children ask in vain for bread ;
He never hath felt the pang of waking,
To fireless hearth from cold straw-bed.

6.

He cannot guess how long hours of toiling
Torture the hunger-weaken'd frame,
Nor how the peasant's brave heart's recoiling,
From pauper's bread in bitter shame.

7.

A stranger he to the heart's quick flutter,
When the rude dun is at the gates,
And the faltering tongue, perforce must utter,
Entreaties, which the proud soul hates.

8.

A stranger, too, to the mighty struggles,
Poverty makes the world to blind,
Her thousand shifts, and her endless juggles,
To hide her secret from mankind.

9.

Trust me wealth is with blessings o'erflowing,
Where its right use is understood,
And this is the best of its bestowing,
The luxury of doing good.

10.

But still I envy not Dives' treasures,
For riches are girt with many snares,
And though they yield a host of pleasures,
They bring their duties, and their cares.

11.

And far remov'd from Lazarus' sorrow,
Thankful for raiment and for food,
All careless about the dark to-morrow, .
I still enjoy the present good.

Life's Seasons.

SUMMER is fled, with its glittering flowers,
Which late in their beauty shone,
Tenantless now are its leafless bowers,
And its soft delights are gone.

2.

How quickly its joyous hours have past !
How soon its glad voice is still !
How chilly the breath of Autumn's blast,
Which sweeps o'er the heathery hill !

3.

How feebly is shining the Sun's faint beam,
Through the mists that obscure the sky !
Like hope's when it breaks, with a sickly gleam,
Through the clouds of adversity.

4.

When wak'd by the gentle call of Spring,
From its slumber arose the earth,
We remember'd with joy her flight would bring
The Summer's warmth, beauty, and mirth.

5.

When Summer shone bright on hill and dale,
And green were the plain and the wood,
We had no thought of the Winter's gale,
Or the torrent's dark swollen flood.

6.

Ah ! no, we deem'd not the Summer gone,
'Till the leaves were wither'd and sear,
And the Autumn's voice, with hollow moan,
Proclaim'd that dark Winter was near.

7.

And thus it is in the life of man,
We rejoice in youth's careless spring,
That our manhood's brief and clouded span
Of Summer its flight will bring.

8.

We sport awhile in that summer's beam,
And dream not it e'er can fly,
Till our autumn's dull and feeble gleam
Tells the winter of life is nigh.

9.

And is there then, in man's path of strife,
No prospect of fix'd rest given ?
Oh ! yes, there's the hope of eternal life,
In the peaceful realms of Heaven.

The Missionaries in India.

WHAT seek ye here on these golden shores,
So far from your island home?
Ivory, spices, rich silken stores,
Say, is it for such ye come?

2.

There are diamonds pure in Golconda's mine,
Fair pearls in the Ocean's sand,
Here ruby and emerald brightly shine,
And gold lies on every hand.

3.

There are things more rich than silken woof,
More pure and more bright than gems,
That ever hung from a kingly roof,
Or sparkled in Diadems.

4.

There are erring souls, 'tis these we prize,
It is these we come to seek,
We fain would open the blind man's eyes,
Comfort the contrite and meek.

5.

A message of peace for man we bring,
Glad tidings for him who weeps,
Such wealth for the poor, as never king
Hath stor'd in his treasure heaps.

6.

Alas! ye will find a barren soil,
O'errun with the weeds of pride,
Vainly on this will ye waste your toil,
Turn from such labor aside.

7.

Go ye to those whom our Lord caress'd,
The teachable and mild,
Those whom He call his own and bless'd,
Raise homes for the orphan child.

8.

A child-like spirit ye scarce will find
Throughout all this wide wide land,
Pride sits enthron'd upon every mind,
And rules with an iron hand.

9.

Pride has his ministers still at hand,
Fit agents his work to do,
Caste and blind zeal are at his command,
And few will listen to you.

10.

We may not heed thee, our God hath said,
"Go forth unto all the world,"
Soldiers of Christ, our tents must be spread,
Where'er His standard's unfurl'd.

11. ‘

Press on, true-hearted and noble band,
In the path ye long have trod ;
Man can but sow, and water the land,
The increase must come from God.

Triplets.

Naturam expellas furcâ tamen usque recurret.

THEY said I was a wayward child, who better far did love
The silence of the gloomy wood, wide moor, and lonely grove,
Than sports of young companions which me 'did little move.

2.

They said that I brought back strange tales of sights that
met my ken,
That I spoke of gentle creatures, who did not look like men,
And told how I had talked with them down in the haunted
glen.

3.

I had no dread of spirits, nor of goblins fierce and wild,
A Mother's love had fill'd my heart with lessons pure and
mild,
And taught me that God's watchful eye was ever on a child.

4.

Had taught me that his presence was around me like a
charm,
• That Guardian Angels ever stood, with high-uplifted arm,
To smite whatever evil power might seek to do me harm.

5.

And as I grew in years and strength, still when the spring
came round,
In the dim pathways of the Woods they oft my foot-prints
found,
Or track'd them in the distant meads, the river's banks around.

6.

Thus the strange fancies that I nursed grew stronger day
by day,
And I could never shake them off, but their's was a mild
sway,
And made me soft and woman-like, I often heard them say.

7.

You tell me, there's still something of the woman in my
heart,
I trust it may be something of a woman's better part,
Her gentleness, her constancy, her pain for others' smart.

8.

I trust it may be something that may ever make me kind,
Fill me with tender sympathy, and make me ever find
Joy in the joy of others, and bring peace to my own
mind.

A Complaint.

THE pitiless storms of affliction sweep o'er me,
And the future is lowering all darkly before me,
To the glad days long past I look back in my sorrow,
And pray for the dawn of a brighter to-morrow.

2.

Oh ! sad is the young heart whose hopes have been blighted,
And bitter her lot, whose affection is slighted,
Deep deep is the grief over joys that have perish'd,
But most sad to be scorn'd by one so long cherish'd.

3.

Too long have the spells of the false one been round me,
And vainly I strive with the charm that has bound me,
I am tied by the chain of long years of devotion,
Like a moor'd bark that's toss'd on a storm-troubled ocean.

To Gertrude.

By thy dark hair, so simply braided,
Over thy fair and polished brow,
By thy bright eye, so softly shaded,
Glancing its silken lash below ;
By thy sweet voice, whose tones of gladness
Fall like soft music on my ear,
Lightening my heart oppress'd with sadness,
Bidding my drooping spirits cheer.

2.

By thy light step—thy fair form glancing,
My rapt entrancèd gaze before,
Like some ethereal being dancing,
With fairy footsteps the scene o'er ;
By all that can man's peace endanger,
By all that can his spirit move,
Did I not fear to risk thine anger,
Dear Gertrude ! I might say I love.

3.

But modest worth hath thrown around thee,
Her spells of such a magic might,
And virtue's self doth so surround thee
With a radiance pure and bright ;
That, though I cannot but admire thee,
I view thee with a brother's eye,
And thy sweet presence does inspire me
With holy thoughts and feelings high.

Remembrance.

SWEET memories throng my heart and brain,
And sure it is a blessed thing,
That retrospections seldom bring
Sorrow and suffering back again.

2.

But many pleasant days long past
Return to us, the dead, still dear,
Live in our love, and ever near,
Remain with us while life shall last.

3.

Remembrance, like the honey bee,
Extracting sweets from poison flowers,
Can, from the saddest of past hours,
Draw something of felicity.

Good Angels.

THOUGH the bright sunny plains of this broad land divide us,
And each in our far sever'd homes may feel lonely,
Let the thought cheer thy lone hours, that whate'er betide us,
My heart clings to thee, and to thee dearest only.

2.

When the first hues of dawn in the heavens are beaming,
When the noontide falls heavy on plant and on tree,
When the last ray of light o'er the far hills is streaming,
My thoughts fondly stray, my beloved, to thee.

3.

When sleep in oblivion my senses is steeping,
Thy form seems to hover in dreams round my bed,
Perchance thy good Angel is guard o'er me keeping,
While mine sits and watches beside thy dear head.

Epicedium.

His grave is with those of the honor'd dead,
All fresh from the field of glory,
And the turf,* that covers the soldier's head,
With the blood of the brave is gory :
He died not with these, but pin'd for the fray,
On the couch of sickness lying,
Still fading, and wasting with slow decay,
While they were in honor dying.

2.

Dying in fight, as a soldier should die,
As his sire had died before him,
In the heart-stirring hour of victory,
We should not so much deplore him ;
But to fall a prey to disease unruth,
With the battle raging round him,
Oh ! who would not grieve for the warrior youth,
When a fate so sad hath found him ?

3.

Had he faded thus 'neath his own roof-tree
With those he lov'd best all near him,
Amid tenderest care and sympathy,
With affection's voice to cheer him ,

With a mother's untiring love to keep
A watch o'er her darling sleeping,
His end, though untimely, we might not weep;
There had been less cause for weeping.

4.

But he never had deem'd his childhood's home,
A place he should look no more on,
It was mingled with visions of joys to come,
The day-dreams he set most store on;
In every scene that his fond fancy wove,
It was still the spot most cherish'd,
And peopled with beings of light and love,
With life, and life only, perish'd.

The Evening Shower.

SWEET gush of waters ! glorious Evening Shower !
How lov'd thy beauty and how bless'd thy power !
How eagerly the thirsty ground drinks up
The freshness of thy overflowing cup ;
How each glad blossom lifts its drooping head,
And grateful fragrance through the air is spread.
The Sun comes forth,—ten thousand gorgeous gems
Gleam 'mid the grass and flash around the stems ;
Pure water'd Diamonds, Diamonds rosy hued,
Or with the Violet's faintest tints imbued ;
Emeralds of every varied shade of green,
The Topaz flinging wide its golden sheen,
The purple Amethyst, the Sapphire blue,
The Onyx with its pale and flesh-like hue,
The Chrysolite, whose tender verdant light
Is shot with gold, and Crystals virgin white ;
Here pale pink Rubies, deep red Garnets there,
And changeful Opals flashing everywhere,
Gleaming with all the mingled tints that glow
In the bright span of Heaven's radiant bow.
Go, gather every rarest gem that shines
In the dark caverns of Earth's thousand mines,
That bright assemblage were not half so full,
Of quivering lustre, pure as beautiful,
Which Nature's gems from leaf, and stem, and flower
Scatter around. Bless'd be thy lovely power,
Thou beauty-spreading, glorious Evening Shower !

The Seikh Mother's Lament.

"SIRDAR Khan Singh was buried and killed by the ruins of the exploded magazine : his body was found so heavily ironed that he could not possibly have walked ; the body of his little boy was found beside his, both in the attitudes of calm repose ; they had evidently been killed in sleep ; they were buried with all honor, and the gold bangles on the boy's arms were sent to his surviving relatives."

A YEAR IN THE PUNJAB.

AND thou art gone, my precious one ! To me
Henceforth the world is desolate and drear,
Since thy blithe prattle I no more may hear,
Never again thy form of beauty see.

2.

Thy brave sire, too ! so fond, so true to me !
He had no heart for falsehood, and I swear,
His spirit was as free from guile as fear ;
And yet they link his name with treachery.

3.

Fetter'd and manacled, yet calm his rest,
Thou, in sweet slumber, in his bosom lay,
When Heaven in mercy call'd your souls away
To the bright, peaceful mansions of the Blest.

4.

Lov'd ones ! from you my absence will be brief,
A few dark hours of solitude and woe ;
A little space the woman's tears shall flow,
Ere the freed soul shall bid farewell to grief.

Life's Dreams.

It is an ancient story,
Too oft a tale of gloom,
The visions of love and glory,
Haunting life's early bloom.

2.

Love's dream is the first to vanish,
Born in a purer sphere,
The cares of the world soon banish,
One but a lodger here.

3

The dream of Glory may linger,
Haunt us till we grow old,
Till the touch of death's cold finger
Warn us our days are told.

4

Or a dream of gold may leaven
The heart's warm-gushing blood,
Till even the hopes of heaven,
Perish in that dull flood.

Anemospne.

MEMORY! to gaze on thy land of shade,
Chequer'd with flashes of sunny light,
Is like looking back down a forest glade,
Illumin'd by sunbeams few, yet bright.

2.

Joy all so strangely with sadness blended,
Fond hopes fulfill'd which regret still brought,
Long-cherish'd schemes that in failure ended,
And yet such failure with pleasure' fraught.

3.

As the smooth mirror, the form depicting,
Gives back an image revers'd, though true,
So memory on sorrows past reflecting,
May find them joys on a closer view.

Separation.

STILL on my lips its fragrance lingers,
'Tis full of pure and tender bliss,
The memory of that love-fraught kiss,
And the soft pressure of thy fingers
Sent through my heart so deep a thrill,
It seems as if I felt it still. .

2.

Loving wife, so steadfast and true-hearted,
Slowly they'll pass, and full of pain,
The hours until we meet again ;
From thee and our dear Infant parted,
I want the better part of life,
A sportive child, and faithful wife.

3.

In dreams I gaze on your lov'd faces,
And my heart knows e'en thus a joy,
Beholding thee and thy sweet boy ;
I hear thee, feel thy fond embraces,
And waking how I hate the light
That puts such pleasant dreams to flight.

A Christmas Carol.

THOUGH our walls be not deck'd with the Ivy green,
And they want the light of the dark Holly's sheen,
Though no Mistletoe bough from our roof-tree swings,
Nor the Yule-log around us its radiance flings,
We have hearts as joyous, and eyes as bright,
As ever did honor to Christmas night.

2.

Though ours be no ancient, no trophy-grac'd hall,
Though ancestral portraits adorn not the wall,
Though around us is gather'd no proud, title'd crowd,
Would be shock'd when our simple mirth wax'd loud,
There's a welcome as warm, and hearts as light,
As ever did honor to Christmas night.

3.

Here is air as balmy as any that plays
Through old England's woods in June's sunniest days,
But the glow that illumines our noonday skies,
Would pale in the rays of the pleasure-lit eyes,
Which have caught from the heart their tender light,
And shine to do honor to Christmas night.

4.

All hail to the season of peace and good will,
Let us foster the good, and discard the ill,
Of the past forget all that's ting'd with gloom,
In the hope of the brighter days yet to come ;
In bumpers of wine of the warmest light,
'We'll drink to the honor of Christmas night.

Epitaph.

CALLISTE mihi nomen erat quod forma probavit,
Annus ut accedat ter mihi quintus erat,
Grata fui domino, gemino dilecta parenti,
Septima languenti summaque visa dñes;
Causa latet fati, partum tamen esse loquentur,
Sed quæcunque fuit, tam cito non merui.

Translation.

Well nam'd Calliste as my beauty prov'd,
Scarce the third lustrum o'er my head had pass'd,
Dear to my lord, by either parent lov'd,
The seventh day of suffering was my last;
Death's cause was hidden—childhood 't was they say,—
It came too soon, the cause be what it may.

My Sister—my sweet Sister.

BYRON.

A SHAPE of beauty—with unstudied grace
In every movement—fawnlike, bounding, shy,
And then her smile, sunny as if the sky—
The summer sky—were mirror'd in her face ;
Fashion's deforming touch had left no trace
Of handiwork on her. How gleesomely—
Blithe as the Lark's to Heaven uprising high—
The stream of song, from that abiding place
Of purity and peace—her joyous heart—
Comes gushing forth. But most her guileless mind,
Rich with aspirings, stranger to all art,
Glowed with bright fancies, and with feelings kind ;
Such wast thou Ellen, lovely, joyous, mild,
Too pure for Earth, kind Heaven took back its child.

II.

BENEATH the leafy arch of yon tall trees,
Methinks I see her still, so gay, so fair,
Come bounding to me, with her long dark hair
All loosely, flying in the summer breeze ;
Again, beside the thymy bank, where bees
Make drowsy music in the perfum'd air,
Or on the fern-clad hill, where in his lair
The antler'd chieftain couches at his ease,
I see thee, on thy cheek health's rosy hue
Alas ! so soon to fade—methinks I hear
Thy fond and gentle greeting, oh ! how true
Is the heart's memory of whate'er was dear.
But thou art gone, and I, all lonely, left
To languish on of thy sweet presence 'reft.

III.

I WATCH'D her fade, so slowly pass'd away
Her lingering strength, and from her paling cheek
(Ere sickness mark'd it with a crimson streak,)
Fled the rich tint of health, that day by day
I scarce could note the progress of decay ;
And then so uncomplaining, patient, meek,
So grateful for all kindness ! Could'st thou seek
No other victim, than such tender prey,
Thou fell disease ? But ever thy rude hand
Strips off the brightest blossom from the bough,
And we to God's inscrutable command,
That grants thee thy fierce will, should meekly bow.
Here, my lov'd Sister, hadst thou tarried long,
Perchance thou would'st have suffer'd grief and wrong.

The Poet's Idol.

I DARE not love her, for a deep gulf lies
Between our paths in life, but if my name
Were writ in the immortal rolls of fame,
I to myself would say, "Take heart, arise!
Go tell her all thy love." In those dark eyes
Dwells such deep tenderness, she would not blame
My boldness, and perchance would think no shame
To win a Poet's love. Rash man be wise,
Nor hover round the snare, but while thou may'st
Escape as for thy life; tempt not thy fate,
Fame may be thine,—beware then how thou play'st
With thy high destiny; Eagles do not mate
With the lone Nightingales; thy lay may win
Her smile: thy love would be presumption—sin.

Records of Life.

WITH eye observant on the human face
If thou should'st gaze, perchance 'twere thine to mark
Graven in characters, as deep and dark,
As any that the sculptor's hand can trace
On the hard stone, LIFE'S RECORDS—lines of grace
Blotted and broken; trouble, grief, and cark,
Legibly writ in letters rough and stark;
But most is crime all powerful to efface
God's image from man's brow, steal from his eye
The light of Heaven, and with a demon sneer
Displace the angel smile of Infancy;
Guilt hath an eager eye that tells of fear,
While on man's face each passion writes its name
In marks of suffering, impudence, or shame.

II.

A CHASTEN'D smile, heart-born, whose soft light plays
O'er the whole countenance; a calm bright eye
Where Innocence and Mirth, twin sisters, lie
Fitly enshined; a forehead that displays
In its smooth broad expanse, that cheerful days
Have fallen to thy lot, that passing by
The storms of life have swept innocuously
O'er thee, as the sweet summer wind that strays
O'er flower-prankt meadows, bearing their rich sweets
To other lands, leaving them all unharm'd.
How the heart bounds, how is the spirit charm'd,
When 'mid the crowd a face like thine one meets,
Without one sign of care, regret, or strife,
The noble RECORD of a well-spent LIFE.

*The Stars above are brightly shining
Because they've nothing else to do.*

MOLLY BAWN.

It cannot be, that orbs, so purely bright,
Were made their glorious radiance to fling
Only on this our earth; shining they sing,
And singing shine, and to the farthest height
Of realms, to which imagination's flight,
Through endless space can soar on swiftest wing,
Their harmonies, for ever varying, ring
God's praises, and proclaim his love and might.
Thine was a glorious fancy, born of Heaven,
Great Newton! which to every star did give
Its sentient beings, souls which cannot die,
Co-heirs with man, to whom like him is given,
A hope beyond the tomb, a hope to live
In realms of bliss through all Eternity.

Papa: Where is God?

GOD is in everything, my precious child !
In the loud thunder thou his voice may'st hear ;
Nor less in the brook's murmur soft yet clear,
Than in the cataract's roar, which fierce and wild
Shakes the tall hills ; the breezes whispering mild,
Or raging tempests in their swift career,
Tell the reflective mind that GOD is here.
In hearts not harden'd though by sin defil'd
The still small voice is heard ; Thou, my lov'd son !
Hadst never sought *God's* dwelling place to know
But for some secret prompting, some soft tone,
The breathing of his Spirit, sweet and low,
For such bless'd voices watch with heedful ear,
And thou will find that GOD *is ever near.*

Spirits of the Night.

IF ever unto man kind spirits spoke,
Through the long silent hours all yesternight
They hover'd round my couch on pinions bright,
And with soft whisper'd words my slumbers broke ;
With sudden starts from dreamy sleep I woke,
But all was still, and thus till they took flight,
With the first flush of Morning's rosy light,
Just as the old church clock with iron stroke
Mark'd five. Shortly there came a red quick gleam,
And the loud booming of the morning gun.
Then woke the feather'd choristers to life,
And o'er the Heavens was spread a ruddier beam ;
At length came forth the glorious Indian sun,
Calling poor human kind to toil and strife.

The Dead for ever dear.

LOV'D haunts of youth! Before my charmed sight
In colors fresh and vivid ye arise,
As if but yesterday my longing eyes
Had gaz'd on you—The swelling wood-crown'd height,
The broad blue river gleaming in the light,
The glancing skiff, that swift athwart it flies,
Scattering the picture, hanging woods and skies,
Meads with their herds and flocks reflected bright
In the wide mirror. Voices long unheard,
Which like dead echoes lay in memory's cave,
Now by the spirit's power within me stirr'd,
Ring joyous in my ear; even the grave
Gives up its tenants; Love, that knows no fear,
Clasps with fond arms THE DEAD FOR EVER DEAR.

II.

THE DEAD, FOR EVER DEAR ! The poet's heart,
Warm with bright fancies, scorns a creed so cold,
The barren faith of those dark minds that hold,
That man's existence has no deathless part,
Which for some fairer region doth depart,
When this life's toil is ended, there to hold
Sweet converse with the friends we lov'd of old ;
There is some spot retired to sit apart,
And fold again, in the long long embrace
Of purest love, the unforgotten form,
Gaze with damp eyes on the long absent face,
And press the lips to lips more pure, but warm
As earth's beloved ones ; most blest to feel,
That ours are joys Death hath no power to steal.

M o r n i n g.

SWIFT gathering round the path of rosy Morn,
Throng the rich hues, the heralds of her birth ;
The birds awake to melody and mirth ;
Suddenly, far into the skies upborne,
A pillar'd light, faint as a beam forlorn,
Which from cloud-mantled moon might dart to earth,
From the dim portals of the East shoots forth.
But little space e're the bright day be born,
For here she comes not as in Northern climes
With measur'd footsteps, and with progress slow,
But with quick bounds Heavens orient slope she climbs ;
And now the dew gem'd trees are all aglow
With golden light ; Creation's every voice
Joins in one hymn whose chorus is, " Rejoice ! "

Eve'ning.

How grateful is the cool Eve's calm repose,
After the heat and turmoil of the day ;
From either hand a Planet sheds its ray,
One with close points of silvery radiance glows,
More tender is the light her sister shows ;
Nor lingering twilight all hath passed away,
Yet softly swelling round the pale Moon's way,
Mild lustre up the eastern heavens flows.
Like fairy lamps the frequent fire-flies pass,
Or star-like 'mid the thick dark foliage float.
And all is hush'd, save when from out the grass
The shrill Cicada utters his quick note,
Or swift Musquito couches his red spear,
And sounds his clarion close beside my ear.

“GOOLDEEP Singh, Colonel of the Goorkha Regiment, remained faithful to Agnew; Moolraj put him in irons; passing a well, under a guard, he threw himself down it, and was drowned.”

A YEAR IN THE PUNJAB.

OFT in the van of battle hast thou stood,
Waiving thy legions on with eager arm,
All unconcern'd, as if thou had'st a charm
'Gainst hostile shot; hast seen the Sutledge flood,
Bridg'd o'er with slain, run crimson with the blood
Of boastful Sikhs; yet never wan alarm
Hath blanch'd thy cheek, thou did'st not reck of harm,
But of thy duty, Warrior stout and good!
Thou could'st look danger boldly in the face,
Nor quail before War's shower of iron rain,
But thy proud spirit cannot brook disgrace,
Thy free limbs rankle in a captive's chain;
One glance upon the yawning gulf, one spring,
And thy unfetter'd soul hath taken wing.

Psyche.

CHILD of the garden, playmate of the flowers,
What dost thou here in the dull City's heart,
Amid the crowds that throng the busy mart?
Now whither speed'st thou? Not to leafy bowers,
But where Christ's Temple rears its sacred towers,
Up to the dial that notes how days depart,
There in the sunshine resting, nor dost start
When iron tongues proclaim the flight of hours.
Art thou some happy spirit just set free
From its dark mortal lodging-house of woe,
And mounting heavenward on glorious wings,
Rejoicing in its new-won liberty,
Yet pausing one last look on earth to throw,
Ere up to its bright home of bliss it springs?

Sorrow's Visits.

SORROW ne'er came with icy touch to chill
My heart's warm pulses, but I found relief,
Even in the very nursing of my grief;
For I had learnt a creed, and hold it still,
That in man's lot there is for every ill
Some countervailing good, and thus belief
Grew strong, that Sorrow's sojourn would be brief,
And Joy return Life's cup with peace to fill.
And still when Care, like an unwelcome guest,
Asham'd to stay, unwilling to depart,
Linger'd around the portals of my heart,
With looks more gloomy than her sombre vest,
I little mark'd her,—fond Hope, all the while,
Told of a future brighten'd by Joy's smile.

Finis.

